

Love a la Mode :
OR, THE
A M O U R S
OF
Florella and Phillis.

B E I N G

The MEMOIRS of two celebrated Ladies
under those Names : In which the whole
Circle of modern Gallantry is display'd.

Containing particularly,

The Life of <i>Florella</i> from the time the <i>Atalantis</i> leaves her. Her Marriage to Lord <i>Gratian</i>. Her Intrigues after his Death. Her keeping an <i>Irish</i> Secretary who could not write. Her Marriage and extraordinary Proposal to ——— whom she fell in love with at the Masqu. Her Amour with the D. of <i>W----</i> An original Song by the Duke. Her Husband's treatment of her. A Song on that occasion by Mr. <i>K-----n.</i>	The Family of <i>Phillis</i>. Her being stole by Mr. <i>D---th</i> of the <i>Temple</i>. Her Flight. Her Amour with Mr. <i>D----ch</i> who kill'd himself. —— with <i>G——l W——b.</i> —— Col. <i>J-----n.</i> Her manner of meeting with <i>L---L-----rn.</i> — Remark- able Trial for a Settlement. Her Marriage, Misfortunes, and Death.
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*My Book's a Mirror, in whose Bosom's shown.
The various Foibles of this vicious Town.
Who'er like Phillis or Florella are,
May with their Characters their own compare ;
Where, if there's ought offensive to the sight,
Let 'em amend Themselves, and set it right ;
Nor peevish ----- like old Maids who dread decay,
When shewn their Wrinkles ---- throw the Glas away.*

L O N D O N :

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AMOUR

Florella and Phillis

The Marriage of two celebrated Ladies
under those Names: to which the whole
Circle of modern Gallantry is displayed.



Printed by J. Baskett, at the Theatre Royal, in Pall Mall.

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T H E

Epistle to the Readers.

MY design is, in the following Pages, to present you with the Adventures of two Ladies of very different Characters. The one by Choice, the other through Misfortunes became intire Votaries to the Cyprean Goddess. As their Stories will afford great Variety of Incidents, I flatter my self my Readers will be very agreeably diverted: The Persons mention'd in this little Work have made some Figure; and are well known to the Gallant Part of the Town: The Men of Pleasure will here see their own Pictures, drawn to the Life; while they are Sacrificing their Fortune, Families, and Health to a fair Sinner: And some of those numberless unhappy Young Women, who have quitted the beauteous Paths of Virtue, may be warn'd by Example, and forsake those Follies which lead to certain Ruin.

THE PREFACE.

The Virtuous Part of my Readers may, perhaps, be inclin'd to suspect, that the Lives of vicious Women may contain some Passages not fit for them to Peruse: But I beg leave to assure them, I have, and always shall, be extreamly cautious, never to let any thing drop from my Pen, that can possibly offend the chastest Ear.

The Stories herein related, however strange some of them may appear, are literally true. Original Songs are interspers'd, and the whole adapted, at once to instruct and divert.

I am,

Gentlemen and Ladies,

Your most Devoted

Humble Servant,

THE AUTHOR.



LOVE *A-la-mode* :
 OR, THE
 AMOURS
 OF
 FLORELLA and PHILLIS.



SHALL begin this Work with the Adventures of a Lady, whose whole Life was one continued Scene of Vice. The *Atlantis* has already given the World her History, in a diverting manner to the fortieth Year of her Age; and one would be inclin'd to imagine, after that, there was very little room for Amour: but this Lady was an Ever-green, she blossom'd in *December*, and was as famous for Gallantry and Intrigue at sixty as at sixteen.

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The *Atlantis* celebrates her under the name of *Florella*, and leaves off a small time before her Marriage with a certain Nobleman, whom that Author calls Lord *Gratton*. I shall keep to the same Names thro' the remaining part of her Story. Fame says *Florella* was once handsome; but when this Wedding happen'd, and indeed ever since I knew her, she was ugly even to a Proverb; nothing being more common at the sight of a disagreeable Woman, than for People to say she was almost as frightful as my Lady — Lord *Gratton* was in the Prime of Life, and sure Nature never made a Face and Form more perfect; his Choice was the standing Jest of the Town: Some said, had his Lordship been a *Papist*, they should have believ'd that his Confessor had obliged him to have her, by way of Penance, for his former Wildness. Others, who were of Opinion, that Spells and Philters had power to work Wonders, declar'd she had bewitch'd him. Be that as it will, I am willing to make the best Excuse I can for him, by telling you, that *Florella* really had a prodigious Share of Wit, a fine Voice, and her Conversation so exceedingly pleasant and agreeable, that it was impossible to be dull or out of humour, if she was present. This made her Company desir'd everywhere, her Faults were only laugh'd at; she would even be witty upon them herself. She look'd upon Reputation as a thing be-

below the notice of a modern fine Lady; and, as she had no regard for her own, she made very free with every-body's else. Nothing pass'd about the Court, either in Affairs of Love or Politicks, but she had immediate notice of it. In short, she was the constant Trumpeter of Scandal wherever she came. As I think the following Story can't fail of diverting my Readers, I'll give it them just as I receiv'd it from a Lady of Fashion who was present. It happen'd at a Gentleman's Country Seat near *Windsor*, at which Place the Court was at that time; the Company met by accident in a Visit to his Daughter, and consisted of twelve Ladies, two of which were Maids of Honour to the late Queen. As they were all very young, and the House stood in a solitary Place, they agreed to pass the Afternoon in Camping, Cross-Purposes, Blindman's Buff, and such Rural Plays: but in the midst of their innocent Sport they perceiv'd a Chariot, and in it *Florella*. It was as much as they could do to put themselves in Order before she came in; and tho' she might easily have known by their Silence and demure Looks that she was no welcome Guest, yet she stay'd, and entertain'd them with her sort of News, till they, finding it impossible to get rid of her, began to think of going home. The first who took Leave were the Queen's fair Maids, who had scarce turn'd their

Backs before her Ladyship fell to murthering their Fame. Young Women of Rank, says she, ought to be very careful in the choice of their Companions : the Value I have for you all obliges me to tell you, that if you continue to receive Visits from those two Ladies, it will be of very ill Consequence ; for it is no longer ago than yesterday that one of them was catch'd by my Lady *Fretchville* in a very indecent Posture with a certain gay Gentleman whom you all know : The Queen has taken away his Post, and forbid him the Court upon't. The reason of his Disgrace, for the Lady's sake, is kept a great Secret ; but I was surprized to find she had the Assurance to appear abroad so soon. As for the other, 'tis suspected she is far gone of a living Tympany ; but I'll say no more, Time will convince every Body, that my Lord ——— don't see her so often in private for nothing. The Girls were so shock'd at this Account, that not one of them had power to give her an Answer ; and one of them, unwilling to hear any more, took her Leave. Who is that pretty Creature, says *Florella*, I never saw her before ? The Lady of the House answer'd, she was a Neighbour's Daughter, and an Heiress, but had never been permitted so much as to see *London* in all her Life. I hope she is marry'd, cries *Florella* ; being answer'd No: she ought to make haste then, says she, for I am positive she is with
Child.

Child. Lord! have you all lost your Eyes? Tho' none of them had Courage enough to speak, they were so much provok'd at her Impudence, that, except my Friend and one Lady more, the whole Company withdrew, and she went on for an Hour together, exposing them as she had done the rest, till at last my Friend begg'd her Ladyship to tell them, whether there was such a thing as a virtuous Woman in the World? Truly, very few, says she in a canting Tone; 'tis a very wicked Age. Few indeed, says the Lady, if all you say should pass for Truth: but pray, Madam, be so good to give us an Account of our Foibles to our Faces; for, you must know I have made a Resolution, not to give you an Opportunity to do it in my Absence for this Day at least. *Florella*, instead of being dash'd at the Re-proof, burst out a laughing; I find you are all perfectly ignorant in the Affairs of the World, says she; and since you don't care to be instructed, and are angry at my having told you Truths it was so necessary for you to know, I'll leave you. For God's sake do, reply'd my Friend, or I shall really lose both Patience and good Manners: but I would advise you to take care you never upon any account mention my Name; if I hear that you do, I shall not, like other People, let you alone, and cry you are so notoriously scandalous, there is no such thing as being even with you. No, Madam, I will
actually

actually stab you dead the first Place I meet you in; and at once rid the Nation of such a Monster. This Threat had so good effect upon her, tho' she only impudently made a Jest on't at the time; that she never meddled with that Lady, tho' she abused almost every Body else of any Note. Notwithstanding all her Faults, most People, even of the greatest Quality, received her with much Civility, for the same reason that the *Indians* worship the Devil, that is, for Fear.

If she had any Amours during the Life of Lord *Gratton*, she managed them so cunningly they were never heard of: but, alas! that was but a short Space; for he had a sudden Death in less than two Years after the Marriage; and no matter what Will he left, her Ladyship took care to produce one which cut off all his Relations, and secured his large Estate to her and her needy Family. She was now at liberty to give a loose to the natural Inclination she had to Vice; and while the World thought her in the deepest Affliction, even in the first Month of her Mourning, she slipp'd out late one Evening in a Disquiet, and soon furnish'd herself with a Gallant. I can't give you the Particulars of the first meeting without exposing a Person who is yet living, and for whose Family I have some Regard: but, as to the Spark, he was a Gentleman of *Ireland*, had a tolerable Face, much Impudence,
the

the fauning Cant common to the Fortune-hunters of that Country, but scarce endued with Learning enough to write a Line, or spell a Word, I assure you. This Fellow she took into her House, he was call'd her Secretary; her Lord's old Servants were all turn'd off, and new ones placed in their stead, who durst not take notice of her Familiarity, or Mr. Secretary's Ignorance. I have from an opposite Window myself seen her washing, naked almost to the Waist with her Sashes up, and this Wretch standing by her. This was a fine Example for a Maiden Daughter by the first Marriage, who lived with her: how she improv'd upon it you shall hear anon; a single Intrigue was nothing to *Florella*. She next fell in love with a *German* of Quality; her Singing and her Size, which is generally the Taste of that Nation, soon gain'd him; his Visits were so frequent that *Teague* grew jealous, and reproach'd her with Inconstancy. Pr'ythee hold thy Tongue, Fool, says she, if you value your own Interest, 'tis your Business to assist me in all my Pleasures, to keep my Secrets, and obey all my Commands: if I hear you presume to mutter any more, I shall turn you out; if you behave as you ought, I will make your Fortune. He, with a very low Bow, told her, it was the extreme Love he had for her Ladyship that made him so bold to speak; but he would dye rather than offend

fend her again. She graciously seal'd his Pardon with an Embrace, and he prov'd as obsequious as she could wish. The Fellow little cared on whom she bestow'd her nauseous Favours, if she did but supply him with Money: and, to say the Truth, she was generous enough; her Head was so full of her *German* Lover, that she had not time to look after the Management of her Daughter. Miss was as gay as her Mother, but prodigiously bold; and had no one Charm but that of Youth: However, the new gotten Estate procured her many Admirers. She was under no manner of Restraint, and being fond of Noise and Company, she receiv'd all that would come: the *Irish* Secretary, who thought it strange to see a young Lady live after this manner, began to fear it would be of ill Consequence; he heard the whole Neighbourhood make severe Reflections on *Florella* for suffering it: he observ'd one Gentleman more frequent in his Visits than all the rest, and that he was often shut up alone with Miss for Hours together. This made him resolve to acquaint his Lady with it, which he accordingly did; but she only laugh'd, and bid him secretly enquire who the young Fellow was, and what Fortune he had? He told her, he knew him to be the Nephew of Mr. M——, a very eminent Lawyer. Oh, 'tis very well, says she, he is his Heir too: it will be a good Match, he'll have
 Three

Three Thousand a Year ; don't trouble your self any farther.

A few Days after, as she passed through her Daughter's Apartment, she heard some Noise in the Bed-Chamber, and opening the Door quick, which they had carelessly left unlock'd. She surpriz'd Miss and this very Gentleman on the Bed, they were in so much Confusion they had scarce Power to rise. Don't fright yourselves, cries *Florella*, I suppose Mr. *M*—— you design to marry my Daughter, and then the Matter is not much ; however, I expect you should do it immediately. I will send for my own Chaplain. The young Gentleman, who would have parted with any thing but Life to have got away, made no scruple of telling her it was the heighth of his Ambition, but begg'd her to consider if it were done without the Consent of his Uncle, he would give the Estate from him. *Florella* allowed he was in the right, but said, she would order her Coach to be got ready, and go to the old Gentleman. He begg'd leave to step just before her, to prepare him for her Reception ; to which she consented, not in the least suspecting but that he was in earnest ; he no sooner got out, but Joy for his Deliverance made him forget all Forms : He took to his Heels, and ran thro' the Streets like a Madman, for fear she should get thither before him, and ne'er stopp'd till he came to his Uncle, before whom he fell
C down

down on his Knees, and told the whole Story, promising faithfully, if he would but forgive his past Follies, and save him from this Marriage, he should never more have the least Reason to complain. His Uncle, instead of being angry, burst out a laughing, in spite of all his Gravity. But before he could make Answer, *Florella's* Coach was at the Door; so that he had only time to lock his Nephew into a Closet, which was in the Room, before she came in. The first Ceremonies being over, she told him, that tho' the young People had agreed to steal a Wedding, she having just found it out, had put a stop to it till his Consent was gained. That she was willing, rather than cross their Inclinations, to give Twenty thousand Pounds down, provided he agreed upon making a Settlement. She was going on; but the old Gentleman prevented her, by feigning a violent Passion. A saucy Rogue, *cries he*, he have the Impudence to pretend to your Ladyship's Daughter; I'll humble his Pride; I'll cut him off with a Shilling, and give my Estate to the Poor, rather than he shall have it; I never heard of such a piece of Presumption in all my Life: 'tis great Condescension in you to forgive it; but I am positively resolved I never will. But pray, Sir, do but hear me, *says she*. I solemnly swear to you, *says he*, that I will never be prevail'd on to alter my Resolution; he must,

(II)

must and shall be punish'd. She begg'd him to have patience, and used all the Arguments she could think of, for two Hours together, but in vain; for at last she was obliged to go away, without being able to obtain any other Answer. *Florella* soon found, by the Nephew's coming no more, she had lost all hopes; and for fear the Story shou'd be blow'd, she very wisely bestow'd Miss upon a Gentleman of small Fortune, who was prevail'd on to take her for the sake of the Twenty thousand Pounds. Having thus got rid of her Daughter, whose very Appearance had always given her Trouble, because it discover'd her Age; and being by this time pretty well tired of her *German* Favourite, she indulged herself in such a number of Amours, that it would be endless to recite them, till at last some of her Gallants began to make her very uneasy. They would fain have teased her into Marriage. They wanted to finger the Estate: She well knew their Aim, and heartily hated them for it. But, alas! there was no preventing their Visits; if her Porter deny'd her, they presumed so much upon the liberties she had once given them, that they would come in, and even look all over the House, till they found her; if she retired to a Country-Seat, they followed; nothing would free her from their Importunities

but a third Marriage, which she resolved to make, soon as she could find a proper Person.

Being one Night at the Masquerade, she convers'd a great while with a Gentleman, who did not know her in that Disguise. I have already told you she had a great deal of Wit, which very much increas'd the Curiosity he had to see her Face; he us'd all the Intreaties imaginable to persuade her to unmask: nay, even pull'd off his own, but could not prevail. However, just before they parted, she told him she knew him well; and assur'd him he should receive a Letter from her the next Day: She punctually kept her Word; and, as it is the most extraordinary one I ever saw, I will present my Readers with the Contents, which are as follow;

PETER;

I Know not whether the violent Passion you profess'd last Night to my Mask will continue when you know my Person; if it does, let me see you at my own House, by seven o'Clock: Don't start; but consider whether it will be agreeable to you to accept of me and my Fortune. I am willing, as a Proof of the real Value I have for you, to settle on you a Thousand a Year before the Marriage: if you dislike the Proposal, send this back inclos'd by the Bearer without any other Answer; which,
if

if you do not, I shall expect you with the utmost Impatience, and am,

Yours, FLORELLA.

This Epistle put our Lover into such a Consternation he scarce knew what to do; the Servant waited three Hours before he could resolve on an Answer: he was an Officer, of a great Family, but little Fortune, and despis'd the Woman in his Soul. At last, the offer'd Settlement prevail'd, and he sent the Lady Word, he would not fail to wait on her at the Time appointed. Mighty Preparations were made for his Reception, and Madam dress'd out with all the Advantages Art could give to one who was old enough to be his Grandmother: it could not fail of being a very pleasant Interview. I have often wonder'd how the Man could keep his Countenance with any tolerable degree of Gravity: but he thought of nothing only how to insist upon having the Settlement enlarged, which *Florella*, rather than lose her young Husband, consented to; and soon as the Writings were sign'd and seal'd, the Wedding was celebrated, to the great Diversion of the Town.

Florella was extremely vain of her Conquest, as she call'd it; but the Husband, who was a Man of a very grave Temper, began to be so much ashamed of what he had done, that, to prevent his being obliged
to

to appear in publick with his Bride, he made a Law-Suit in which she was deeply engaged serve for an Excuse, that he might go down to a fine Seat she had above a hundred Miles off, to get every thing in readiness against the approaching Tryal; and when he was once got thither, he took care to find fifty Reasons to prevent his Return for almost a Year together. This Usage exasperated *Florella* to so great a degree, that she thought of nothing but Revenge: a Cuckold he must be, but who to engage with was the Question. She had given her *Irish* Secretary a Sum of Money, and discharg'd him; and fix'd a Resolution to hire no more: Yet, vain as she was, her very Glafs made her despair of gaining a Lover any other way. She had devoted herself to Citron-Water and Spirit of Clary, till her Face was grown as red and full of Pimples as a *Wapping*-Landlady; but Fortune was more kind than she expected: for the young Duke of *Warton*, who delighted in every thing which was odd, made her frequent Visits. He had, if one may properly say so, too much Wit, and admir'd it in every body else, without regarding the outward Form. I believe, at first, he had no Design upon her Ladyship, but she well knew how to draw him in; and tho' he had a fine young Wife, Songs and Poems were frequently made by both of them; Letters of Gallantry pass'd between them

them every Day: he waited on her to all publick Places; and I have often seen them at the Play together so ridiculously free, the Upper-Gallery Gentry have taken notice of it, which afforded much Mirth to his Grace: and, to say Truth, she was so far lost to Shame, that it seem'd to give her rather Pleasure than Pain; for she would sit out all their hooting without the least Emotion. The first Song he took it in his head to make on this extraordinary Charmer, take as follows.

S O N G.

To the Tune of *When fair Aurelia, &c.*

LET not the gay Florella grieve
That Youth so quickly flies;
While Charms retiring Charms relieve,
And Wit doth such a Lustre give
As fading Bloom supplies.

2.

See how the Beaus, who round you throng
With Dying-Looks; behold,
You're still the Subject of each Tongue,
The Theme of every Poet's Song,
As Sappho was of old.

3.

Be to Yourself no more unkind,
But cast all Care away;

*In fair Florella's matchless Mind
Ten thousand glitt'ring Charms we find,
Which never can decay.*

4.

*In Spring, when Sol advances nigh,
Tho' first our Grapes appear,
'Tis Autumn gives the Purple-Die,
And doth the sprightly Juice supply,
That crowns the closing Year.*

5:

*'Tis Time too can alone engage
A generous Force to Wine,
Which warms with no Poetick Rage,
'Till mellow'd by maturing Age,
'Tis racy, rich and fine.*

This Mark of his Passion rais'd Florella's Vanity so much, that, without considering what Reflections it would create, she even handed about Copies of the Song herself, till some-body was so kind to send one of them to her Husband: this made him begin to think it was high Time for him to come to Town, and examine into her Conduct; which he did, without giving her any Notice of his Design, and had the good Luck to catch the Duke and she at Supper. They both look'd confus'd at his unexpected Entrance, tho' he shew'd no signs of Uneasiness, Guilt appear'd strongly in their Faces; and with all the Assurance she was

was Mistress of, she could scarce assume Courage enough to speak: he gayly told them, his Journey had made him very hungry; and so, without farther Ceremony, sat down and fell to eating, being well pleas'd he had spoil'd their Stomachs; when he began to rally her for her ill Conduct in his Absence; and pulling the Letter out of his Pocket, in which was the Song, Was not the Person well employ'd, said he, when he wrote this fine Ditty upon Age and Ugliness? This so exasperated her, she call'd him lying, ungrateful Wretch, reproaching him with the handsome Settlement she had made on him; and concluded with telling him, she would do whatever she thought fit. Indeed, my angry Dear, (reply'd he laughing) but you shall ask me Leave; for, from this Moment you shall neither stir out of your Apartment, nor see any-body without my Permission: if you will sin, it shall be by yourself. She cry'd and begg'd, but to no purpose; for without making any Answer to her Intreaties, he forced her into the Bed-chamber, and double-lock'd the Door upon her. At this she scream'd loud enough to be heard all over the Neighbourhood, which frighten'd the Servants so much, that they ran up Stairs all in a Body: She call'd out to them to break open the Door; but the Colonel commanded them not so much as to give her an Answer.

I will be Master here, cry'd he, and whoever disobeys my Order shall instantly turn out: however, some of them took care to carry this ill News to her Daughters, who both came the next Day, to interceed for her Liberty, but to no purpose, for the Colonel would not suffer them to go near her; and coldly desir'd they would be pleas'd to withdraw: and unless they had a mind he should expote her to all the World, never more to interfere in the matter.

Poor *Florella* was almost mad, she saw no hopes of Deliverance; for in three Weeks time he never let her have any Food, but when he stood by, and saw her eat it: she might cry her Eyes out if she pleas'd, for he would neither speak a Word himself, nor permit any body else. At length, a young Lady, who was nearly related to the deceas'd Lord *Gratton*, and very much esteem'd by the Colonel, told him, she thought he was highly to blame to give himself any Trouble about the old Hag; since it was in his own Power to make what Advantage he pleas'd of her Wickedness: Never confine yourself to Town to watch a Beldam, continued she, but let her go to Hell, her own way, provided she doubles the Settlement upon you at present, and secures all to you at her Death; I have some hope when you have forced her to comply, that she will soon break her Heart, when she considers her Pigs are cut off beyond retrieve:
Get

Get the Writings prepar'd at a Venture, I'll
 ingage she'll sign any thing for her Liberty.
 The Proposal pleas'd him, and he begg'd her
 to assist him in going thro' with it. That I
 will, says she; and in order to begin, let me
 go and sound her Inclination threw the
 Door: you'l hear a fine Dialogue, if we can
 but keep from laughing. Accordingly, he
 placed himself near, and she giving a gentle
 Tap, *Florella* ask'd who was there? 'Tis I,
 Aunt, says she, the mischievous Thing, I am
 come to condole with you. To insult me, I
 suppose, says my Lady: Go on I can't be
 made more miserable than I am. Your Sor-
 row makes you mistake my good Intentions,
 my dear Aunt reply'd she; I have so far
 forgot past Injuries, that I came on purpose
 to try my Interest with the Colonel for you;
 but could not prevail with the Brute to let
 me come in to you; nor will he hearken to
 any reasonable Terms of Accommodation.
 Be so good to accept my Thanks, and par-
 don my Error, answer'd my Lady, and tell
 me, dear Niece, what he would have? I'll
 consent to any thing, rather than indure ano-
 ther Day's Imprisonment. It's impossible
 for you to consent to it, Madam, says she,
 the Wretch will have his Settlement in-
 stantly doubled, and all made sure in case
 you die before him. At hearing this, my
 Lady burst into a Flood of Tears, which
 stopp'd her Speech for some time, and the
 good-natur'd Couple almost stifled them-
 selves

selves to prevent their laughing out : When the Violence of her Grief was a little vented, she intreated her Niece to find him out, and assure him, she was ready to sign whatever he pleas'd, provided he would never interrupt her more, or assume any Authority over her. The Lady promis'd faithfully to observe her Instructions, and endeavour to procure her Enlargement soon.

The Writings were drawn with the utmost Expedition, and our mediating Niece once more sent to carry her the News, and settle the Forms to be observ'd at the Interview, which was, that not a Word of Anger should pass on either side, and that as soon as the Deeds were executed the Colonel should quit the House, and never, unless at her own desire, see her more. She consented with great Joy, and Madam unlocking the Door, waited on her into the Dining-Room, where the Colonel and his Lawyers attended her coming; the Business was quickly dispatch'd, and *Florella* left at Liberty to mourn the Misfortunes she had brought upon herself: The only Comfort she had was the hopes of every thing being kept secret! but alas: She soon found her Mistake; for that young Lady had been injured by her to so great a degree, that she thought her Revenge imperfect 'till the Story was spread all over the Town.

Florella easily perceiv'd, tho' too late, that *Gratton's* Niece had duped her into the fatal

fatal Agreement. I am entirely ruin'd, cry'd she in an Agony, outwitted by a Girl, who will make me the Subject of her ill-natur'd Mirth wherever she goes; I will never more pretend to appear in the World: She could say no more, her strength fail'd her, and she sunk quite senseless into the Arms of her Favourite-Woman. The Passion she had been in, fired her whole Mass of Blood, and threw her into a Fever, from which she recover'd with much difficulty; and as soon as she could sit in a Coach, she retired to a House she had not many Miles from *London*; where she pass'd the short remainder of her Life: She visited no-body, and only a very few particular Persons were permitted to see her. I have some reason to believe she made a proper Use of her solitary Hours, having seen an excellent Poem wrote by her not long before her Death, which she had sent to an antient Lady, for whom she had a great Esteem; the Subject was on the *Beauty of Holiness*; and the Work a Master-piece in its Kind.

When she found herself draw near her End, she sent to desire her Husband to come to her, and confirmed by her Will, the Gift of all she had before sign'd; and with many Tears implor'd his Pardon: He begg'd her to be easy, and endeavour to live, assuring her, he was so far from being angry, that he sincerely wish'd her Recovery, and never left her Bed-side till she expir'd: She was, at
her

own desire, bury'd very privately. The last Scene of this Lady's Life is a convincing Argument, that neither Quality, nor a large Estate are of any Use to ward off the Punishments which constantly pursue the ways of the Harlots.

Having done with *Florella*, I proceed next to give you the true Story of a Fair Sinner, whose Follies and Misfortunes had their Original from a very different Cause. I shall make use of the Name she assum'd herself, and by which she was well known.

PHILLIS was the Daughter of a Non-juring Clergy-man, of shining Parts, but very bad Morals: he ran away with a Lady to whose Father he was Chaplain; who never forgave either of them to his dying-Day: However, she had five thousand Pounds left by a Relation; this the Doctor recover'd, but it was upwards of seven Years first; during which time they were supported partly by the Kindness of some Friends of hers, and partly by his Writings. They had in the Interim two Children, the eldest of which was this *Philly*. When the Fortune was pay'd, the Doctor, instead of paying his Debts he had been forced to contract, took a large House, a Footman, and three Maids, and, being a very great Epicure, indulg'd himself to the highest degree, never considering, that at his rate of Living, the Money would last but a short time; and that
he

he had no prospect of getting any more ; for his Wife's Father was Dead, and left all he had from her. *Philly* had a fine Face, a sprightly Wit ; and, for a Child of her Age, a very extraordinary Understanding ; but, was a little crooked : She was put to the most expensive Boarding-School, where, except herself, there were none but Ladies of Quality. The least Fortune amongst them had Ten thousand Pounds ; yet such was the Doctor's Vanity, that he took care *Miss Philly* should out-shine them in Richness of Dress : But alas ! before she was thirteen this gaudy Vision vanish'd, the whole Substance was lavish'd away, and the Creditors tired of empty promises, sued him till his Goods were taken by an Execution, and the Doctor himself thrown into Prison. All he could do was to turn himself over to the *Fleet*, and procure the Liberty of the *Rules* ; where he was forced to take up with two little Rooms in an ordinary House, not having enough left to support the Charge of keeping one Maid, tho' his poor Lady had by this time four Children. This was a terrible Change, *Miss*, instead of her former Finery, was obliged to assist her Mother in doing the heavy Drudgery of such a Family ; yet they both bore their Misfortunes with admirable Patience : But the Doctor's good Sense quite forsook him ; he behaved like a Madman ; and rather than want the costly Dishes he had always accustom'd himself to, he

he forced them to part with every Rag of Clothes they had that would yield any Money; and while they lasted could not be prevail'd on to write a Line, or do any thing. The young Lady took in Plain-work, but the Gain was so small, that it would scarce supply them with only Bread. An old Acquaintance coming to see him one Day, the Doctor gave Orders for a Couple of boil'd Fowls and Oyster-sauce to be ready in two Hours. His Wife was surpriz'd at it, and calling him aside, told him, he could not sure be ignorant that all the Things they had left, except what was on their Backs, would not yield Half a Crown. Take the Gown the Girl has on, then, reply'd he; better she wear an old one, than I want an Entertainment for my Friend. She was forced, tho' with a heavy Heart, to obey; Miss was stripp'd, the Dinner provided, Wine, Tarts, Fruit, and every thing in the best Order. When the Company was gone, the Doctor ask'd what Money remain'd? Being told but two Shillings, he took one, and flounced out of Doors in a very ill Humour. As he was sitting in a great Coffee-House within the *Rules*, Mr. D—th, a Gentleman of the *Temple*, happen'd to come in; and falling into Discourse with the Doctor, was mightily pleas'd with his Wit and Learning, insomuch, that he importun'd him to favour him with his Company to Supper, I would be proud to wait on you, says, the Doctor, fetching a

a deep Sigh; but Misfortunes has reduc'd me to the narrow Bounds of this Place. I belong to the Law myself, Sir, reply'd Mr. D — *th*, and have, I thank God, a tolerable Estate; if you think proper to give me a State of your Case, I do assure you, nothing within my Power shall be wanting to procure your Liberty. The Doctor made his Acknowledgments for so kind an Offer, and they adjourn'd to a Tavern on *Ludgate-Hill*.

Mr. D — *th*, pass'd most of his Evenings with this agreeable Companion; and, at last, forced Money upon him. This, as it enabled him to indulge his Taste, restor'd him to his natural Gaiety. Our Lawyer took great Pains to compound his Debts; he made several Presents both to her Mother and herself. Marriage was a thing he mortally hated; he would gladly have made any Settlement: The Father he knew was a Man of very loose Principles. The young Lady little thought that this kind Friend of her Father's would ever lay a Scene to ruin her; his Behaviour was so exact, it was impossible for any-body to mistrust him: He had brought the Doctor's Business to so near a Conclusion, that only one Creditor stood out, and to him they agreed to send Miss *Philly*, in hopes she might be able to move him to Compassion. This Gentleman lived at *Knight's-Bridge*, Miss set out to go thither the next Morning, and not returning at Night, diligent search was made every-

where after her; Advertisements were put in-
to all the News-Papers, but no-body could
give any Account of her. Mr. D—*th*
offer'd a large Reward, the Doctor seem'd
much concerned at her loss; but the real
Affliction it gave her Mother threw her
into so violent a Fever, that her Life was in
the utmost Danger.

As People were very severe in their Judg-
ments about this accident; I will give you
the Story as she thought fit to tell herself,
which is; that she was trapan'd by a Person
who told her they came from her Father;
who, they said, staid for her at Mr. D--*th's*
Chambers: Which she believing, innocent-
ly went, and not finding him there, would
have come away again; but was stopp'd,
and the door lock'd upon her, which fright-
en'd her so much, that she cry'd and scream'd
till her Strength was so far gone that she
fainted; and when she recover'd her Senses,
found herself in Bed with Mr. D—*th*.
Complaints and Tears were to no purpose,
the cruel Monster was deaf to every thing;
and finding it impossible to hope ever to gain
her Consent, by Force compals'd his brutish
Desires, and kept her close confin'd to a
Room for almost a Year. He was daily
bringing her Presents, in hopes to please and
divert her; but she would not be prevail'd
on so much as to look at them. She eat as
much as barely kept her alive, and grew so
weak and faint, that she began to apprehend
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it was impossible for her to hold out much longer. He was heartily Sorry for the Ill he had done, but alas ! his Repentance came too late, he found out new Beauties. In short, he loved her so much, that rather then suffer her to be uneasie, he would enter into that State, not doubting but this Proposal would be joyfully received : But he had no sooner began to mention it, than she broke thro' her former Silence, and reproached him with his Villany ; fell on her Knees and cursed him ; and concluded, with protesting, she would chuse the most painful Death that could be invented, rather then be his Wife, and begg'd he would instantly leave the Room. He withdrew and came no more to her in three Days ; in which time her Anger being abated, she with a Smile rose up to meet him. I have been considering, Mr. D--th, says she, of what you said, and am sorry I treated you so ill ; since you are willing to make an honourable Amends for the Wrongs you have done me, we will forget what's past. He embraced her in an Ecstasy of Joy, and told her, he would make the necessary Provisions ; and, that they would, in a few Days, go out of Town to be marry'd : that, at their Return, it should be owned publickly ; only care should be taken to get the Certificate dated as far back as the Time she was first missing. All things being thus agreed on, they dined together, and she appear'd so gay and good humour'd, that

that he never doubted her being in earnest: she accepted of a fine Watch, and a Gold Snuff-box he had bought, assuring her, he would make it the Business of his Life to make her happy. She acknowledged his Goodness, and promis'd to be very easie; but he was no sooner gone, than she began to think of making her Escape: Having given her the Keys of his Study, which look'd out upon the *Temple-Fountain*, she took two pair of Sheets out of the foul Clothes-Bagg, and tying them fast together, hid them in the Study, from which Window she design'd to let herself down when it was dark enough; which she accordingly did about eleven at Night, while the Woman was asleep in the farther Room: Tho' it was two Story high, she got no hurt; but the haste she was in to be gone made her forget to take with her even common Necessaries. She had thrown down a little Linnen in a Handkerchief, but not a Gown more than she had on. By accident the Gold-box was in her Pocket, and two Rings of small Value she had on, but not above a Guinea in Money about her. The first place she went to was the House near the *Fleet*, where her Father and Mother lodg'd when she was lost. The People told her, they had been gone half a Year into the Country, but no-body could tell what Place: However, it being late, they told her she might lye there that Night: She accepted the Offer, and the next Morning took a *Hackney-Coach*

Coach, and drove to every Place she could think on, to inquire, but invain: At last, she bid the Coachman stop at any House where he saw a Bill to let Lodgings. He did so in *Brownlow-street*, near *Long-Acre*, where she took a back-Room. The Landlady appear'd to be a very well-bred antient Woman; and hearing her say she was but just come out of the Country, told her, if she pleas'd, she might board in her House; adding, she had three Boarders already, which enabled her to take an easy Price; but half a Guinea a Week, Madam, says she, Lodging and all. *Philly* agreed to the Proposal, and the Gentlewoman desired her to walk into the Dining-Room: Here she found the Ladies Drinking Tea, who were all young, and extreamly handsome; their Company was so agreeable, that it made her, for the present, forget her Care. She told her whole Case to one of them who was her Bedfellow, and they slipp'd out in the Evening, and sold the Gold Snuff-box, for fifteen Guineas, which made her easie for some time. As they were in Bed one Night, she was lamenting her Unhappiness, in not being able to find her Friends; and told her Companion, she who was a Woman of Fortune, could not be sensible of her Sorrow. The other reply'd lauging, I have no more Fortune than you have, I owe every thing I am Mistress of to the Goodness of the Gentlewoman of this House, who will, if you think fit, soon make you as fine as any
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of us. *Philly* could not imagine what she meant ; and having parted with every thing she had, and contracted a Debt of ten Pounds in the House, begg'd her to explain herself. Don't be surpriz'd at what I am going to tell you, says she, I am willing to inform you before you hear on't: from a worse Hand our Landlady has a great Acquaintance amongst the Men of Quality ; and all who live with her must oblige them: On that condition she provides us with every thing ; but, should we attempt to leave her, she would instantly make it all a Debt, and throw us into a Jail. I have been three Years with her ; and tho' I am not Twenty, I am reckon'd an old Face. She told me yesterday, I must provide myself another Habitation; and, as I had never dis-obliged her, she would give me a Discharge, and all my Clothes, not doubting but I might do very well; adding, she would never keep above three at a time in her House; and she was resolved, as you owed her Money, to make you supply my Place. This is what you are to expect. This Speech so startled *Philly*, that she burst into a Flood of Tears. If you should be over-heard, says the young Woman, it will be worse for you, and I shall be stripp'd for revealing the Secret. Compose yourself, for I can't see, in the Condition you are in, what you can do better ; you have Wit, and with good Management, may make your Fortune.

Early

Early in the Morning old Madam came into the Room; What makes your Eyes red? says she, I must have you cheerful; there is a Stay-Maker, and Mantua-Woman waits without: I can't bear to see you waste your lovely Bloom in Sorrow. Come, come, think on nothing but Dress and Diversions; one of the finest Gentlemen in *England* is dying for you: You may command whatever you please here; we will endeavour to prevent your very Wishes, by providing for you beyond them, there will be no Force put upon your Inclinations; he only begs leave to sigh at your Feet. In short, her own lost Condition, and the fine Promises of this Trader in Sin prevail'd; and *Philly*, who had been so great a Votary to Virtue, consents to this new Lover; who was introduced to her as soon as she was properly equip'd. This Gentleman was Master of a plentiful Estate, and marry'd to one of the greatest Beauties of the Court, by whom he had several Children: But this was more then *Philly* knew for a great while. He was mighty fond of her, and kept her at an extravagant Rate; she lavish'd what Sums she pleas'd. While things went on thus swimmingly, she never troubled herself to enquire after her Father and Mother. Mr. D—th, at length had a full Account of her manner of Life, and was so much afflicted at it, that he sent a Gentleman to tell her, if she thought fit to reclaim, and retire to the Country, he would settle a hundred a Year

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on her for Life, which she impudently refus'd: Tho' a small time after, her Lover lost thirty thousand Pounds, and put an end to his Life: And so little care had she taken, that she had not ten Guineas left; she whimper'd when she first heard it. The old Woman, at whole House she still continued, in a few Days carry'd her to the late General *W--b*, who was old and lame, but very generous, and took her into keeping. The Bawd had five Guineas a Week allow'd for her Board and Lodging, a Chair was provided, and he design'd to settle upon her 300l. a Year Freehold. She spent whole Nights at *Birkhead's* Twelve penny Hop, where she met with an *Irish* Captain, who pretended to be in love with her. And as they were together one Night, one *Bess Hopkins* whisper'd her, that if she would honour a *French* Nobleman with her Company, he would make her a Present of 20 Guineas. She got the Money indeed; and with it a Present very common to that Nation, which she communicated to the General; who found the Effects the very Day the Writings were to have been sign'd, which put him in so great a Passion, that, sending for the old Woman, order'd her to strip her, and turn her out of Doors: However, she got some Intelligence of it, and carried the greatest part to the Captain's Lodgings, who advis'd her to conceal herself, whilst he mov'd off with the Cargo to *Ireland*.

Thus

Thus was she once more expos'd to the World, with no more Cloaths than Backs, but in a much worse Condition than before; for the nauseous Distemper increas'd daily, and the few Trifles she had left, which she happen'd to have about her, when the Villain ran away with the rest, were not sufficient to raise Money enough for her Cure. The Woman where she was, understood such things, having been some Years on the common, and often in the same Condition: She comforted her the best she could, and told her, she would send to a Gentleman who was very charitable and would cure her for nothing. The Person she propos'd, was the famous Doctor *Anodyne*, who took her under his care: It was two Months before she was able to stir out, and even then, she could not appear for want of Cloaths: This forc'd her into a new scene of mischief, the Woman offer'd to assist in this too; and in order to do it, took her in a Coach to a great House in *Holbourn*, where lived the noted Tally-Woman, call'd Mother *D--e*, who observing that *Phillis* was very young and handsome, readily told her, she would trust her for whatever Cloaths she pleas'd to chuse: Her vanity made her think she should soon be able to pay any Debt she pleas'd to contract; so she pitch'd upon a sute of crimson Velvet, and order'd it to be trim'd with Silver, and all other necessaries suitable to it: Mother *D--e* told her a Watch would be wanting, and shew'd her a very handsome one, the whole was agreed

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for, to be paid weekly, and the Sum amounted to One hundred and fifty Pounds. Thus equipt, she made her appearance in the Green Box at *Drury-lane* House, where a certain spruce Gentleman, then a Woollen-Draper in the *Strand*, happen'd to meet with her, and being a *Man* of Wit himself, was mightily delighted with her Conversation; she well knew how to counterfeit an Air of Modesty: Her Companion acted the part of her Servant; to her he apply'd, and by dint of Money prevail'd with her to persuade her Lady to sup with him, What harm can there possible be, Madam, says she, whilst I am with you. With much intreaty from both of them she thought fit to consent at last: And when the Play was over they adjourn'd to the *King's-Arms* Tavern in the *Pall-Mall*. A magnificent Entertainment was provided suitable to the Lady's Dress, whom doubtless at that time he mistook for a Woman of Fashion; they were very merry: He sung her several Songs; she prais'd his Voice and manner of singing: Thus the Night was spent, 'till it grew towards twelve a Clock, and the Lady said it would be improper for her to stay longer: He beg'd leave to wait on her at least 'till she was near home, and importun'd her on his knees to appoint another Interview. She told him it was impossible; that her having staid so late, would, she fear'd, cause her to be strictly watch'd for a long time, and seem'd in the utmost Confusion, for having been guilty of such a Folly: However,

she

she promis'd to write to him, and acquaint him, how she came off, and, if possible, give him notice when she could get an Opportunity to see him again; he gave her his true Name, and a proper Direction; and at her earnest Request left her, soon as he had conducted her to a Coach.

The Woman who had formerly been no better then a common drudging Servant, and had since her commencing Strumpet, fall'n into the company of nothing much above her self, told *Phillis*, that if she continued to give her self such Airs, Mother *D--e* would never be paid, and she would be thrown into Prison: You might have made a great deal of Money of this Gentleman (continued she,) if you would; but I believe the Devil was in you to cant Modesty; I had much ado to have Patience. — Hold your Tongue, Fool, reply'd *Phillis*, I know what I have to do, I'll engage to make him pay the whole Debt in a Fort-nights time: I warrant you imagine, because you would rejoice over a Guinea, that I must do so too: No, no, if I must Sin it shall be to better purpose. — I wish it may happen so, says the other, for I know what will be your Fate if you miss one Payment.

The very next Morning, the Week being expir'd, Mother *D---e* paid her a Visit; I hope, cry'd she, with her usual Cant, the Cloaths have been lucky to you; I don't doubt but my Money is ready. — Indeed you are mistaken, answer'd *Phillis*, for I have not yet

got one Farthing; but if you don't teize me, I will answer you shall have Fifty Pounds when you come next. — If you are sure to keep your Word, Madam, says she, give me a Dish of Tea with you now, and I will not trouble you again this Month. As they were at Breakfast, *Phillis* told her the Adventure she had met with, the Man's Name, and her whole Design; The old Woman knew him very well, and told her, tho' he had a very handsome Wife and many fine Children, yet he was one of the best Bubbles in Town, and gave her several Instances of it; adding, If she manag'd well, her Money would quickly be paid. So they parted for this time in good Humour; and, in a few Days, Mrs. *Phillis* wrote the following Letter to the Gentleman,

S I R,

M^R design in this Epistle is not only to perform my Promise, but to undeceive you: I always thought Disguise and Falshood, Crimes below the Dignity of a humane Soul to be guilty of: Alas, I am no Lady of Quality, but a very unhappy Woman, reduced by Misfortunes to lead a Life I abhor. Now you have the whole truth; if you think I merit any share in your Esteem, I have sent you a Direction to my Lodgings; if not, return this by the Bearer, and pardon the Unfortunate

PHILLIS,

This

This Letter had the desired Effect: He lik'd her Person, and was extreamly pleas'd with her Wit and Generosity, and sent her word he would wait on her in the Evening. In short, the Woodcock was catch'd, and the Amour went on smoothly for three Months: Mother D---e's whole Debt was paid, and more fine Cloaths taken up. He supp'd with her almost every Night, and often lay there: His Wife grew very uneasy at his new manner of living, and had him so narrowly watch'd that she found out the Secret, and fix'd a Resolution of being reveng'd on him: The very next Time he lay out again, which happen'd very soon, she stay'd till near Two a Clock in the Morning, and then taking with her a Constable and two or three Neighbours, she went to the House; they found the Street-door open, and going directly up Stairs, knock'd gently at the Bed-chamber, the Husband happening to be awake, ask'd who was there. *'Tis I, my Dear,* reply'd the Lady, *pray open the Door, without making any dispute, for I am resolv'd to come in, if you refuse it will be broke open instantly.* He knew her Voice, and was ready to die in the Bed; at last he mustered up courage enough to beg she would have a little Patience, and he would do any thing she desir'd: In the mean time our Lovers hudled on their Cloaths; but being in the Dark, he could not find his Coat, and in the fright slippt on her Night-gown, as she had his Stockings: So that when the People came in
with

with Light, they made the most whimsical Figure imaginable: The Lady, angry as she was, could not forbear laughing; Pray good People (says she) do but look at your selves: However, I must desire this Gentlewoman to make some haste and adjust her self, unless she designs to go to *Bridewel* in this pickle. This Speech alarm'd poor *Phillis*, who falling on her Knees with Tears beg'd for Pity and Pardon, protesting she would never more offend her, nor ever see her Husband more. He made the same promise, and the rest of the company joining in the request, he went home with them, and *Phillis* was left at liberty.

Having thus lost her Keeper, things began to go very indifferently with her; she was forced to go into promiscuous Company for Bread; a thing which she by no means lik'd to do: Her fine Cloaths were spoil'd with sitting in dirty Taverns, and her Health much impair'd by keeping late Hours; and to add to her Trouble, she could not get Money enough, to make Mother *D--e* any tolerable Payments for the new contracted Debt. The old Trot thought fit to stay no longer, (tho' she had got above half the Money clear, out of the Hundred and fifty Pounds she had so lately receiv'd,) but arrested *Phillis*, and kept her at a Bailiffs House in *Chancery-lane*, six weeks: At which place, she accidentally heard that her Father and Mother lived just by; and got the Man to go privately, and beg her Mother to come to her: The poor Lady swooned

swooned when she saw her in that Condition, for they were in so low a state that they could scarce get Bread, much less do any thing for her. When the first gust of Sorrow was over, they related to one another all that had happen'd, since she was first lost. Her Mother said, since Mr. *D--tb* had been so base, he ought at least to assist her now; the length and weight of my Afflictions (unfortunate Child, says she,) have render'd it impossible for me to shed Tears: they are all exhausted, God will, I hope, be so merciful to grant you both a true sense of your Sins, and an Opportunity for Repentance; all I can do, is to pray for you, however, if you think it will avail, I will go to Mr. *D---tb*; perhaps the sight of me whom he has so much injured, may move him to do something for you; tho' he has long since neglected us. *Phillis* beg'd she would instantly go, and try what she could do to persuade him; since if she failed of success, a Goal must inevitably be her Fate the next Day.

The poor Lady went, and had the good Luck to find Mr. *D---tb* alone; to whom she told the melancholy Story. I don't come to heap reproaches, Sir, added she, your own Conscience will be your best Monitor; I am willing to save you all the trouble I can of Words; my wretched Daughter has inform'd me of the kind offers you have made her, and of her own unpardonable refusals; but, Sir, remember, whatever her Faults may now be,

be, she might have been at this Day, a spotless Innocent, if it had not been for your fatal pretended Friendship to her Father. Mr. *D---th* was so much surpriz'd at the sight of her, that he was silent for a considerable time; at last he told her with a deep sigh, it was of no use to send any Money to *Phillis*, who would be in the same troubles every Week, at the rate she manag'd; but if fifty Guineas will be of any Service to you, Madam, (says he,) you may command them; not only now, but at any other time; and presenting her a Purse, beg'd leave to withdraw. She return'd with the Money to her Daughter, who refused to take more than twenty of them, telling her, as the whole Sum would not clear half the debt, she should be able to prevail with the old Brute to discharge her as soon for that, when she found it impossible to get more. But to give you an Instance of the merciless Wickedness, not only of Mrs. *D---e*, but of all the Tally-People in *Britain*, who all deal in the same abominable manner, I beg leave to state the Case to you: The Debt at first was One Hundred and Ten Pounds, for which, *Phillis* had as many Cloaths, as might have been bought for Forty with ready Money; this was to be paid in at five Pounds *per* Week; but having miss'd two Payments she was arrested: The favour of being kept at the Officers House, and other Expences there, came to fifteen Pounds; this must be paid down before she could be discharg'd,

charg'd, which with great Difficulty Mrs. D--- was perswaded to do, provided she paid her ten Pounds in Money, and gave her the Watch which she had sold her, a few Months before for thirty five Pounds, and now would allow but fifteen for it; beside this, all the Cloaths she had of any value must be deliver'd in to her Hands by way of security for the remainder; these hard Conditions poor *Phillis* agreed to for the sake of Liberty: At this reckoning, she was out of Pocket as much as the Goods at first was intrincally worth; yet after all she had done, the Debt was still eighty five Pounds. This is the way these Engines of the Devil, ruin not only the wretched Women of the Town, but honest poor People, whom they often inveigle into dealing with them, for necessary Cloaths for themselves or Children: The Goals are half fill'd with those who have had the misfortune to deal with them; and I am well inform'd, that there is in the *Marshalsea* at this time, not less than twenty at the sute of Mrs. D--- only; the celebrated *Sally Berry* now lies dead in the *Fleet*, by the great mercy of the same old Gentlewoman; in short, they are the pest of the Nation, and the Original Author of Vice and Misery.

It was Ten at Night before *Phillis* was discharg'd, and her Mother would fain have perswaded her to go home with her, but she told her (with Tears) that was impossible for her to do, for many reasons; however, she promis'd to see

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her,

her, and let her know where to come to her, as soon as she could settle her self in a Lodging; the poor Lady left her, with a heart full of Sorrow, and *Phyllis* herself was in so great a concern, that she scarce knew what she did: The Night was dark and rainy, yet her Head was so fill'd with Thought that she forgot to take a Coach, but walk'd slowly on towards the Lodgings of her Companion, which were at *Westminster*; just as she came to *Charing-Cross* she was oblig'd to stop, and make way for a Chair; the Flambeaux's gave the Gentleman that was in it a full view of her Face, who instantly pulling down the Glass, cry'd *Philly*, and stop'd the Chair: After having inquir'd what could move her to be in the Street in such a dismal Night, and she giving him a short account of her Misfortunes; he told her, if she would come to the *King's-Arms* in the *Pall-Mall*, whether he was going to meet some Friends, he would raise her some Money; she return'd him Thanks, and beg'd to be excused, telling him she was in such a draggled dirty Condition, that his Friends would be frighten'd to see her; he laugh'd, and told her, he would take no denial; so to put it out of her Power to get away, he took her into the Chair on his Knee, and carried her with him.

When they came to the Tavern, the Company (which consisted of four Men of Fashion,) seem'd a little surpriz'd at her Entrance; but the Gentleman told them, he hop'd they
would

would not regard the odd Appearance she made at present, but receive her as a Lady whom he had known from a Child; and who, he assured them (notwithstanding her Misfortunes,) was really a Woman of Family, Wit, and Merit; this Speech made all easy, and the Lady was treated with great Ceremony. As they were all grave People, the Discourse fell chiefly upon Political and Learned Subjects; *Phillis* argued on both with so much delicacy and judgment that she amazed the Company; after Supper one of the Gentlemen, which was Colonel *J----* of the Kingdom of *I---* importun'd her to give them the History of her Life, which she did, with the utmost impartiality; reflecting very severely on her own ill Conduct, and concluded with saying, she deserved neither Mercy nor Compassion, since she had made Infamy and Misery her choice, and taken so much Pains to purchase them. She had a particular softness and sweetness in her Voice, and so genteel a manner of delivery, that she never fail'd to please: She had the Art of moving the Passions of all who heard her, and could make them either merry or melancholy as she thought fit; the last best suited her present purpose; and she had done it so effectually, that the Gentlemen withdrew to another Room, in order to raise a Sum amongst them to pay her Debt; but as it happen'd, she had inspired the Colonel with sentiments very different from what she design'd; for when

the Quota's were a going to be given, he told them plainly, that she should be oblig'd to no body, since he was resolv'd to do every thing in his Power to make her happy himself, and beg'd they would go away without taking Leave, and commit the Lady to his care: The Gentlemen who knew he had a very plentiful Estate, (since they found he was caught) thought it most for her Interest, and accordingly comply'd.

She was a little startled when she saw him return alone, and inquir'd for the Gentleman who came with her; but he, without further Ceremony, told her, they were all gone at his request, taking her home with him to his own Lodgings; where he assured her, she should always be Mistress: That not only her Debts should be paid and every thing provided for her, but she might command both him and his Fortune: He added, as she had more sense than all the rest of her Sex, so he expected she would not stand upon needless Forms, because he knew of but one Objection she could reasonable make to his offer; and that must be a dislike to his Person. If I am so unhappy, Madam (continued he) as not to please you, deal freely and tell me so: Even that shall not prevent my endeavours to procure your Happiness. Not to tire you with the many Speeches that pass between them on this occasion, I shall only tell you, that *Phillis* consented, and that these two People, who met so strangely, liv'd together almost

almost two Years : No body must visit the Colonel that would not treat her with as much Ceremony as if she had been his Wife ; he appear'd abroad with her in his own Chariot, and in all publick Companies ; and she behaved with so exact a Decorum, that every body us'd her with great Civility. Now she was in so happy a Station, her Father vouchsaf'd to see her, which he would never have done had she continued poor ; it seems Riches, in the Doctor's Opinion, were able to cover a Multitude of Sins. It had been happy for her if he had continued his feign'd Anger ; for when she brought the Money in order to clear Mrs. D--e, he forc'd her to let him have forty Pounds out of it ; she could not tell this to the Colonel without exposing her Father ; and for fear Mother D--e should discover she was not fully paid, *Phillis* was oblig'd to bribe that old Hag to Silence at any rate ; tho' the Colonel was generous to a Fault, and deny'd her nothing she could desire ; yet our good Doctor, who would not want whilst his Daughter could obtain it, tho' at the Hazard of both Soul and Body, liv'd after so profuse a manner that it was impossible for her to save any thing ; nay, at last he grew so very expensive, that the Colonel began to wonder which way a Woman who seldom stir'd out of Doors without him, could waste such prodigious Sums ; which, upon computing, he found in less than two Years, had amounted to near Three Thousand Pounds ;

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This made him begin to think, and being very uneasy, tho' he said nothing to her; yet he talk'd out to a Friend: This Gentleman reprimanded him severely for his Folly, and told him, that all the reparation he could possible make to his Wife and Family, was to return to *Ireland*; and advised him to find some pretence immediately to send *Phillis* out of Town; 'tis unsafe (says he) to hold a Parley with a Woman of her Stamp; it will not recover a Farthing of the Money she has lavish'd, but by the assistance of the Devil, and her flatt'ring Speeches, she may involve you in more Mischief. He took the good advice, and dispatch'd her to *Epsom* the next Morning, with a Promise of coming to her in two Days; but the Moment she was gone he discharg'd the Lodgings, paid his Tradesmen, and set out for his own Country.

The time in which he promis'd to come, being expir'd, *Phillis* began to be a little uneasy; however, she waited the Week out: But hearing nothing from him she was so much frighten'd, that she came to Town, where she soon heard of his Flight and her own Misfortune: In the height of her Sorrow she goes to her Father, who persuaded her to discharge her Servants, and come home: She was so fond of him, that notwithstanding she had suffer'd for his Fault only; she now took his advice, and stay'd at home; till he had by his voluptuous manner

ner of Living consum'd all; and then, pious Man, his Conscience troubled him so much, that he could not bear the sight of her; 'twas an unpardonable Crime to suffer a Strumpet to lie under his Roof, with a great deal more Cant to the same purpose: And at last, in spight of her Mother's Prayers and Tears, and her own moving Intreaties, he turn'd her out of Doors, with nothing on, but an old Calico-Gown, not worth two Shillings; late in a cold Winters-Night; the Mother followed her and gave her all the little Money she had, (that he did not know of) which was about five Shillings, and brought her an old Riding-Hood to keep her warm: Thus was the poor Creature once more expos'd to the World, in a more deplorable State than ever; she knew not where to go, or what to do: The Watchman was going past one o' Clock when she met him, and he stopping her, to know who she was, she told him, she would give him Sixpence to light her to any Place where she might stay 'till Daylight; he accordingly conducted her to a Night-house in the *Strand*, where she found several People who were waiting for the Tide to go up the River; sitting round a good Fire; in the midst of whom stood a very young Gentleman, well dress'd, but a perfect rattle; he was making Love (after his manner) to a Country Girl, but soon as he cast his Eyes on *Phillis*, (who really look'd pretty in the meanest habit) he left his Mistress, and address'd her, she made him

no

no answer, but that did not signifie, he call'd for what ever the House afforded to entertain her, and the rest of the Company; which indeed amounted to no more than cold Beef, Ale, and Brandy; Things, she scarce knew how to taste; but the oddness of the Adventure pleas'd her so much, that it brought her at last not only to prattle but partake of this fine Feast: While they were in the midst of their Mirth, the Waterman brought word it was Flood, which oblig'd all to repair to their Boats; none being left but *Phillis* and her new Lover; he frankly told her, he was the eldest Son of the L--- L--- an Irish Peer; that his Father indeed, did not allow him greatly; but as I am his Heir (says he) I always know how to raise Money, and if you will share Fates with me, (continued he) I am so well pleas'd with your Wit and Person, notwithstanding your strange Dress, that it shall be your own Fault if you don't live merrily: She, in return, gave him an account of all her Adventures, even down to the last; only omitting what related to her Father, of whom she always spoke in the most respectful manner imaginable, let him use her ever so ill, she would never bear to hear him blam'd, by the best Friend she had: They diverted themselves with such sort of Tattle till seven in the Morning; when a Coach being call'd, Mr. V--- took her to his own Lodgings in *Spring-Garden*; he had very little Money, but as much Credit as he pleas'd; tho' doubt-

less

less he must pay dear enough when he came to his Estate: His first care was to get his Mistress cloathed, which was done after a very handsome manner: In about a fortnights time their Diet was all sent in; as likewise the richest Wines, from a certain great Tavern who trusted him: And though these wise People could both of them, scarce eat four Ounces of Victuals in a Day; yet they could never set down either to Dinner or Supper under four Dishes, and those of the most costly Things the Season afforded.

Mrs. D--- soon heard into whose Hands she was now fall'n, and propos'd to make great Advantage by it; in order to which, she had her dogg'd, till she was out of the Verge of the Court, and arrested her, for the remaining forty Pounds: Mr. V— was with her at the time, and being unwilling such a Thing should be publickly known, he prevail'd with the Bailiff to go with them to a Tavern, till matters could be accommodated, where they were oblig'd to set up all Night, for Mrs. D--- could not be found; however, she came to them by six o' Clock next Morning: and Mr. V— assuring her he had been of Age above two Months, she consented to take his Note for the Debt, and give up *Philis's* Things: being thus agreed, and the Officer discharg'd, after a Breakfast of mull'd Sack; they began to be very merry: And Mrs. D--- (who has a great deal of Wit and Manners, when she thinks fit to make use

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on't) told Mr. V—— that in her Opinion the Lady very much wanted a Diamond Neck-lace; (that beautiful Neck, says she, deserves one,) and if you, Sir, have an Inclination to make her such a Present, (after this Nights fatigue) here is the greatest Penny-worth in *England*: I assure you it cost six hundred Pounds, but I got it so cheap, that I can afford to sell it you for three; and will stay your own Time for the Money. Mr. V—— without further Consideration, fasten'd it round *Phillis's* Neck, and gave her a Note for the Money; payable in a Years time: The old Woman likewise told him, she could help him to any Sum of ready Money, if he had occasion; he gladly accepted the Offer, and dealt with her for Money, Cloaths, and Baubles; till at the Death of his Father, he paid her near two Thousand Pounds: When they came home, he found a Letter, which oblig'd him to go instantly out of Town; it was by no means proper to take *Phillis* with him, so she was left with full Power to take up whatever she pleas'd on his Credit. He was no sooner gone, but she sent for her Father; and tho' she had no Money to give him, she could entertain him Politely; in short, she sent in Wine and Provisions sufficient to maintain the whole Family; which made a large increase in Mr. V——'s Bills; but that was a Thing she knew would never be look'd into till pay Day came.

At his return to Town, tho' he did not alter his behaviour to *Phyllis*, yet he staid out late, and went into Company, where he got a most virulent Present, which he communicated to her; it was a good while before she perceiv'd it; and when she did, they were both too far gone to hope for Cure without a Salivation; frightful as it was, they were forc'd to submit to it, and very narrowly escap'd with Life: he seem'd exceedingly griev'd for the Injury he had done; and in order to make her some amends and induce her to forgive him, (as soon as they were able to sit up) he orderd the Writings to be drawn, and settled on her two hundred a Year, for her Life; to commence from the Day of his Father's Decease: When she was well enough to undertake the Journey, he took her down to a fine Seat of his Father's in *Wales*, where she pass'd for his Wife, and was visited by all the Neighbouring Gentry. It was impossible to express a greater fondness then he did for her; and she behaved her self in so modest and obliging a manner, that she gain'd a general Esteem; yet when Winter brought them to *London*, it was not two Months before he again gave her the same dreadful Distemper; this made her reflect, that if she stay'd longer with him, she had nothing to expect but Death, and made her positively resolve to leave him, as soon as she was well; tho' she would say nothing in the interim that might make him uneasy.

When they were pretty well recover'd, he had Lodgings at *Kensington Gravel-Pits*, for the Air; and she took her Opportunity one Day, while he was gone to Town, to pack up all her Things; and taking her Maid with her they got into a Stage-Coach and made the best of their way to *Astrove Wells*; Mr. V—— rav'd like a Madman when he miss'd her: But she had left him a Letter which convinc'd him it was in vain to pursue her; so he was forc'd to bear it with Patience.

At *Astrove* she met with a Gentleman of Fashion, who had known her formerly; and telling him the Story, he agreed she had done well to leave him, and charitably advis'd her to quit that course of Life; which if she would promise to do, he would not only allow her a handsome Maintenance, but if she could find any body who (notwithstanding her former Follies) thought fit to marry her, he would give five Hundred Pounds by way of Fortune: She joyfully accepted the proposal, and observ'd with great strictness the Rules he prescrib'd; this regular manner of Living soon restor'd her to perfect Health; and in a short time a young Gentleman of good Family, but who had by extravagance run through his Fortune, thought fit to make her his Wife; and really was extremely fond of her; the kind Friend not only gave him the Money promis'd, but likewise got him a genteel Place. Thus one would
 imagine,

imagine, after having so long fail'd thro' a Sea of Sin and Sorrow, she had at last arriv'd at a Haven of Happiness; but alas! it proved but of short continuance; for in less than two Years time, Mr. V——'s Father dying, her Husband was advis'd to sue him, for the two Hundred Pounds a Year which he had settled on *Phyllis*; he propos'd it to their good Friend, who consult'd several able Lawyers about it; the Deeds were view'd, and 'twas the general Opinion that he must certainly recover: On this Encouragement, he enter'd his Action against Mr. V—— (then Lord L——) in the Court of Common Pleas; his Lordship made great Opposition, in so much that it was a long time before it could be brought to Trial: And when it was, such a horrid Pack of Witnesses were produced, for no other end but to traduce the unhappy Lady; by endeavouring to prove, that she had given my Lord the Distemper, by which he had twice near kill'd her; that the Jury in their great Humanity, thought fit not only to decide in favour of his Lordship, but order'd the Diamond Necklace to be return'd to him. I can't help saying, the Husband had in a great measure himself to thank for all that happen'd, since it was his own obstinacy which made him enter it in the *Common-Pleas*, tho' his Lawyers would have had it in the *Kings-Bench*.

Suppo-

Supposing all they said had been true, the Deed was made after the first Illness; and I am at a loss to know, how they could find either Law or Precedent to make it void. I would advise the honest S——n who swore in this Cause, to remember the injury he hath done, and repent if possible; never was a more scandalous Trial: 'Tis true his Lordship did not insist on having the Necklace, nor, to do him Justice, did not trouble the Husband for the costs of Sute; for I humbly conceive, he was conscious he had done Mischief enough, without pursuing it further.

Poor *Phillis* who was at that time big with Child, took care to get a full Account of what happen'd at the Trial; she fainted at the recital; and when she came to her self, said, my Lord she hop'd would have a full Revenge, since she was certain this barbarous usage would cost her her Life: Her Mother who lay dangerously Ill when this happen'd, died in a few Days with Grief, to see her Daughter so much afflicted: Their Friend supply'd them with Money, not only for the Funeral, but also, to put the whole Family in decent Mourning; and put the eldest Son to an eminent Lawyer; but he behaved so Ill that the Gentleman was oblig'd to dismiss him. *Phillis* who was always blind to the failings of her own Relations; tho' her Husband was streight'ned to the last degree, with carrying on the Law Sute; and their Friend had been at so much Expence, that it would

would be impudence to expect more from him; yet rather than her favourite Brother should want fine Cloaths, she made the strangest shifts imaginable to equip him, for a Journey he design'd into the Country: The Father (without any regard to their present Distress) must indulge his taste; and tho' she was sensible her Husband knew not how to find Money to defray the Charge of her Lying-in, yet the Doctor must have every thing he desir'd, tho' she parted with her Cloaths to procure it for him: However, Death soon eas'd her of him; for he died after a few Days Illness, a Martyr to his Belly. Tho' if she had consider'd the Behaviour of his Life to her, she would have found but little reason to grieve for him; yet it affected her very deeply: Her Afflictions followed so fast that she sunk under the Load. She had, ever since her Marriage, devoted the greatest Part of her Time to Reading; and had made a surprizing Progress in the Mathematicks, a Study in which she mightily delighted; she was Mistress of the Latin Tongue, and had a good notion of Philosophy: In short, she had an Understanding not only superior to her own Sex, but equal to most Men that the present Age produces. What a Figure might she have made in the World, had a proper care been taken in her Education; had such a Genius been duly cultivated.

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The Violence of her Grief brought on a Consumption, which increas'd so fast, that she could scarce breathe in *London*; the indulgent Husband, tho' he was but ill able to support the Charge, took Lodgings for her at *Hampstead*, and made the best Preparation he could for her Lying-in : She bore her Illness with admirable Patience, and devoted herself entirely to acts of Devotion : She desired to see no Company, and seldom car'd to speak. Now Vice and Folly appear'd to her in their proper light ; she look'd back on her past Life with Horror ; and one day said to a Lady who had been her School-fellow, and of whom she was very fond, *How can you have the goodness to visit such a Wretch as I am, I don't merit your pity ? Oh ! Madam, my Senses have been asleep these many Years, and now they are awaken'd, I fear too late ; the little Beauty I once had has been fatal to me, I gave my self up to Vanity and Wickedness : What reparation can I possibly make to the many Families my Pride and Extravagance have Injur'd ? If the Numbers of fine young Women who are daily going on in the same ruinous Road, would but reflect a little, they would find that the most exalted State a Strumpet ever arriv'd at, never afforded true peace of Mind ; its fading glittering Pleasures are always imbitter'd with real Woe, and end, at last, (like mine) in Ruine and Death ; very often with-*

without either Time or Grace to Repent. —

The Lady us'd all the Arguments she could think of to comfort her, and to make her easy, stay'd with her till she was brought to Bed of a Daughter: she linger'd on for four or five Months longer, in so weak a Condition, that her Death was daily expected; and at last expired, about the middle of *May, 1729.*

Her Husband was gone to *London*, when the Pangs of Death seiz'd her; soon as she found she was near her End, she order'd the Nurse to put on her Cloaths; and being brought to the Fire-side, she call'd for a Pen and Ink, and wrote a most moving Letter to that good Gentleman who had done so much for them, tenderly recommending her Husband and Child to his Compassion; and falling back in her Chair, (the Moment she had finish'd it) Died, without so much as fetching one Sigh.

The Gentleman fulfill'd her Desire; he order'd a very decent Funeral for her; got her Husband a better Place; and maintain'd the Child as long as it lived.

A S O N G.

The Tune, Ye Commons and Peers.

I*F a Man has a Wife
Who's the plague of his Life,
And yet has a separate Fortune,
Who loads him with Shame,
Yet refuses to pay him,
How gently soe'er he importune.*

*Let him list to my Verse,
And my Song shall rehearse,
The Medicine that only can cure.
In some Room then with hast,
Be sure lock her fast,
And see that there's none can come to her.*

*There a while let her dance,
Without Cordial or Nantz,
Till sober and penitent grown,
She submits to your Will,
Consent, Sign, and Seal,
And make all her Fortune you're own.*

*If you think I'm in jest,
Or my Medicine distrust,
As if success it would not afford,
To Street G-r-r--d repair,
There's a Colonel lives there,
Who will vouch the Receipt on his Word.*



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*Clear as Mirror, if the Ocean's Scene,
Its Bosom shining with a pleasant Green;
Yet who'll deceiv'd by this Appearance be
In a small Bark to trust the faithless Sea,
Where sudden Gusts its Billows may deform,
And swift Destruction reach him from a Storm?
Yet such are all the Blandishments of Vice,
And to as sad a purpose they entice,
Warn'd by these Sheets, the Paths of Pleasure shun,
Nor from the fatal Venture — be undone.*

Price 1 s.

II. Me-

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*Reader, in sweet Arpasia's Life behold
A fairer Form than Fiction ever told!
Whose Piety adorn'd her blooming Youth,
For Beauty fam'd, but far more fam'd for Truth!
Whose Breast could ne'er a second Passion prove,
Nor Death itself dissolve her constant Love.
Of Courtly Breeding, yet in Morals plain;
In fine, --- the PULTENEY of a former Reign!*

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You're welcome, if it fit ye.*

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